

"NEP



**FEMININE**

When Miranda answered "No!"  
The flowers wuz smilin' bright  
But she said "No!"

The sun was bright, I yank  
 But just then to my awe,  
 It seemed a cloud of ink  
 Just spattered on the sky.  
 I thought the univer- - cued in  
 An' hadn't the slightest  
 That it was a cloud of ink  
 Its bottom tumbled out.  
 How could the universe  
 When my Mirandy still go  
 When my Mirandy answered "No."  
 When Mirandy answered "No!"  
 "I thought the world would stop  
 An' all nature here below  
 Just up an' shet up shop,  
 An' bankrupt in dis- -  
 Discharge her every hand  
 And so do business  
 He closed forth to my stand,  
 I thought an everlastin' yank  
 Had busted nature's straps,  
 He shet her up an' she bank  
 Caved in an' jest collapse.

When my Mirandy answered "No."  
 II.  
 The groun' wuz thick with snow,  
 When Mirandy answered "Yes."  
 But great natur's overflow  
 Drowned me in a sea of bliss.  
 No sun wuz in the skies  
 An' the snow wuz col' an' bare,  
 But Mirandy's shinin' eyes  
 Made fair wint' weather everywhere.  
 Natur's wor the purest deed  
 When Mirandy answered "Yes."

Adam's Eden! What a touse  
 Men have made about it. Fine?  
 'Twas a third-class boardin' house  
 Matched with Eden sich as mine.

When she said she'd be my wife  
Seemed like music of the leaves  
Rustlin' on the tree of life,  
Sky and earth did meet an' kiss  
W'en Mirandy answered "Yes."  
—Sam Walter Foss.

from San Bernardino, Calif., comes the story of a young woman, pretty, of course, but that they did not discern until they had enabled her to wash herself, who, deserted by her husband in an Eastern city, started to follow him to Oregon. She ran out of money and then, dressed in boy's

continent. To hear her tell it, she rode for three continuous days and nights across the great American desert of Arizona and Nevada on a brake beam under a freight car. The Californians gave her some new clothes, and of course took up a collection.

Take the question of whether men prefer to see a woman in black or not. This cannot be answered by a "yes" or "no," as

time is more diversity or opinion on this point, and circumstances as well as physique decide it materially. When men assert that women look best in "black"—Frenchmen, Russians and Englishmen like—they say so with a reservation and do not make the rule absolute.

unwritten dictum refers to public places of amusement. At St. Petersburg a Russian will refuse to take a lady who is not dressed in black for a promenade between the acts at the opera house, and will leave her to sit in the opera box while he converses with his friends.

The numbering of the heavenly bodies, whether planet, satellite or star of the

Paris observatory by Miss Klumpke, doctor of sciences and assistant astronomer. In view of the publication of an international catalogue of the stars. The idea was formed at the astronomical congress of 1881, and already 180 photographs have

ars, this being a celestial desert; but others are crowded even to the number of 1,500. The average number is 335 stars per photograph. Altogether, the catalogue is expected to contain about 3,000,000 stars.

tumn and winter models, and was strongly impressed with the style of the eyes. They are moderate in size and conservative in shape. The same firm exhibited one wonderfully large one last spring, and this sudden contraction means nothing

ed by those who study the modes that though the fancy, slightly swelling sleeve will be seen during the coming season, an enormous balloon affair is about being gathered with its foremothers, and the riding houses will make no attempt to

New York Recorder: Poeticus—"How  
 aceful a young wife looks when mend-  
 ing her husband's stockings!"  
 Makralicious—"You can never tell. She  
 ay be darning in more ways than one."

attained to four weeks' imprisonment by mailing a letter bearing a cancelled postage stamp. She appealed and finally obtained a verdict in her favor—because she proved that she had not written the letter.

New York Journal: Maud (aged 16)—"Oh! I have you any nice, interesting love  
 rises?"  
 Librarian—"To read yourself, miss?"  
 Maud (blushing)—"No; they are for my  
 grandfather."

o far this year one princess, one count-  
one duchess and the daughter of a  
gning prince, were among the 4,000  
eves, professional and unprofessional,  
ested in Paris.

As blooming as a rose,  
With the same old sign  
Of vacation time,  
The freckles on her nose.

in a canoe—"Now that we are engaged,  
B. Thacker

No-o; I mustn't, but (as a happy thought strikes her) mamma told me that if I sat out in the canoe I must sit perfectly still and not move until you told me I could."—Life.

When Mrs. Kate Kane, of Chicago, the  
lawyer in skirts, was admitted to the

ded to her profession. But Cupid came in the guise of Sir VINCENTE RABBIT, very wealthy and handsome Italian of old family, who pleaded his suit so well that she rendered judgment in his favor, overruling the demurrer of family.

ge was duly entered before a qualified magistrate. Up to date no motion has been made to reopen and review the proceedings.

...writes Maria Parloa. But, on the other hand, the American woman cannot spare with the French woman in the preparation of soups, meats, fish, sauces, etables and all the rest.

ne must look as much like a black-  
id, with wings all spread, as possible if  
wishes to be at all in the mode. Where-  
the trimmings on either bonnet or  
on can possibly be

In spite of the protestations of oculists, men continue to regard veils as an essential part of their toilettes, first, because they are becoming, and second, because they keep their hair in order.

ple and best, which come in all colors, single and double widths, are always pleasant to wear and less trying to the eyes in the coarser meshes. Happily the inclination to revive the veil of Brussels net, bought in striped designs, has been a failure. It is becoming to nobody.

The woman with fair hair and blue eyes and a brilliant color look in veils with the dots larger and near-together. If the skin is clear white is are very becoming though apt to be an impression of a made-up complexion. The woman with fair hair and blue

in a large meshed black veil, with the dots are worn far apart. A navy blue veil makes the skin look clear and a grey veil should never be worn by the pale or sallow woman.

and fashion, you know woman's care (s),  
new woman now, like Venus of old,  
pleased with the judgment of Paris.